The
COMMONWEAL

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UNRRA

THE PROGRESS that has been made in the direction of thinking internationally is indicated by the first reports coming from the Atlantic City meeting of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Whereas the Hoover European relief work after the last war was primarily an American undertaking—which cost us $2,500,000,000—forty-four nations this time have organized UNRRA and agreed to accept proportionate shares of the responsibility for this mighty task.

As President Roosevelt pointed out in his message to Congress on the subject, the primary aim is to extend first aid to the various peoples as soon as their territories are liberated from Germany and Japan. Long range reconstruction is to be the work of other institutions created by the United Nations later. Eighteen months to two years comprises the length of normal UNRRA operations contemplated for any area. Distribution of medicines, food and clothing (in some cases, for example, new underwear will have much to do with preventing the spread of typhus) constitute the principal activity of the new international organization. The liberated peoples themselves are expected to accomplish the great bulk of their own rehabilitation.

The present situation in Europe points to the wide scope and future implications of UNRRA. Outside of Russia there are said to be 50,000,000 people at present in need of this temporary aid. Some 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 have been displaced from their homes through forced labor or devastation by armies and bombing planes. For most of them the most ardent desire is to return home; for many of them this will be impossible at least for a time, if European rehabilitation is not to be tragically held up. And so even during the preliminary period for which it is designed UNRRA will have to function as a continental organization, deciding things for the benefit of Europe as a whole without much regard for national aspirations.

In a way this situation provides an unparalleled opportunity. Many nations are so badly battered as to need to start much of their productive activity virtually afresh. If despite the bitter feelings that seem inevitable in post-war Europe, the various peoples can decide to reorganize the continent economically, reducing tariff barriers and planning industries that will complement each other, a genuine new economic order may eventually result. That would also mean establishing light industries in over-agriculturalized lands such as the Balkans, for instance, so that no European nation would any longer have a depressed colonial status. Ideally it would mean that each country would concentrate for export on those products which it could produce most economically.

Considerations such as these give an idea of the potentialities of the UNRRA, which was established only on November 9 by the signatures of representatives of forty-four allied and associated nations. Under the League of Nations and even before the nations of the world had collaborated on public health, restriction of narcotics, geodetic surveys and many other non-military and non-political matters. But never in the case of so vast a problem on so vast a scale. The very first UNRRA sessions indicate a wide divergence of views already existing on such matters as finance and sources of supply. And if the delegates arrive at workable agreements without undue delay so that the whole procedure soon gets into operation, it may mark a turning point in the history of the modern world. It will be the first time that a problem of the stature of restoring national economies is attacked in accordance with the world interdependence which science has now made an inescapable fact.

Support the President on Subsidies

LAST WEEK we pointed to the danger that forced abandonment of the 15 percent "Little Steel" formula in the settlement of the coal dispute threw the national wage-price stabilization program into jeopardy. The danger of runaway

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inflation was never more imminent, although over any period of time it proves destructive to workers, farmers, managers, to every group.

As we go to press Congress threatens to deal the stabilization program another body blow. The powers of the Commodity Credit Corporation, the agency at present intrusted with administering subsidies, expire this December 31. According to the House bill renewing CCC's authority, that agency will no longer be allowed to subsidize those producers for whom current price ceilings would otherwise prove disastrous. A bill with a similar subsidy ban has been vetoed by the President and presumably he will do so again to ward off national inflation. So Congressman Steagall of cotton-producing Alabama is now threatening to weaken the price structure still further. If the President again vetoes the subsidy plan, a rider banning the continuation of the Office of Price Administration beyond June 1944 will be attached to the next bill. It seems high time that citizens from other sections notify their Senators and Congressmen that they are squarely behind the Chief Executive in this matter. One hold-up is enough.

Charts in *Business Week* indicate that while prices for all commodities have held much better than they did in the last war (25 percent increase this time, whereas they doubled during the first four years of the last war), farm commodity prices have increased almost as sharply as in 1914-18. In fact farm prices have almost doubled in the past four years. Yet the Farm Bloc and the Southern Democrats are so powerful in Congress that only the strongest popular support will enable the President to protect the nation from that fatal price-wage spiral that will cripple American recovery from the war.

Negroes are City Folks

KINGS COUNTY, New York—which means Brooklyn—grand jury has just rendered a presentment on the subject of lawlessness in Brooklyn's "Little Harlem" which is of far more than local interest, for it points to a situation which exists in almost every Northern city and which is likely to become worse long before it becomes better. Other grand juries, it is rumored, have considered doing what this grand jury has publicly done, but to the best of our knowledge this is the first official action coming from such a body. In any case, it is highly significant.

This grand jury proceeds to recite some of the facts which have come within its notice. Here is a sketchy summary:

> A most unusual and extremely deplorable state of lawlessness exists in this area and has existed in this area for some years past, because many school children have been beaten, robbed and otherwise mistreated on dozens of occasions. . . . It has become dangerous and unsafe to traverse the streets of this area before and particularly after dark. . . . Many fine churches have closed completely because their parishioners do not dare attend the evening services. . . . At least one church has been robbed. Innocent and law-abiding citizens have been assaulted, robbed, murdered and insulted both on the public streets and on public conveyances passing through this area. Groups of young boys armed with penknives of all sizes and other weapons roam the streets at will and threaten and assault passers-by and commit muggings and hold-ups with increasing frequency. . . . Many law-abiding children and adults residing in this area are therefore forced to carry similar knives and weapons for protection, thus creating a vicious circle. Only very recently, a boy fourteen years of age, with the assistance of four other young boys, waylaid a sailor. This boy stabbed the sailor six times in the stomach and one in the neck. The sailor died . . .

One could continue this bill of particulars both from the presentment and from newspaper accounts in many cities and from personal knowledge. But to do so would serve no particular purpose. The situation exists, and because the population movement of Negroes from the countryside of the South into the cities, North and South, has greatly increased thanks to the war, and is still continuing, there is little chance that this state of affairs will improve. What makes it even more difficult in the Northern cities is the fact that Negroes have the vote. As they pile into their Little Harlems, the local politicians more and more become sensitive to their presence and more and more are recalcitrant to do anything which may offend them—this despite the fact that the great body of law-abiding Negroes would welcome appropriate steps to try to reduce this sort of lawlessness. It is, indeed, as the grand jury says, a "vicious circle," but its circumference is far larger than this grand jury seems to dream.

For what started the vicious circle was an injustice. White businessmen attracted Negro labor North—to their own advantage—without worrying in the least as to where that labor would have to live or under what conditions it would have to raise its children. So the conditions get worse and the over-crowding becomes more monstrous and the Negro vote (largely a fiction, but Oh! how powerful a fiction) looms ever greater in the minds of hungry politicians and the bad kids can carry knives and they can use them and there aren't enough cops either to stop them or to catch them and the grand jury comes in with a handsome diagnosis and a whine to the effect that the police department has not "adopted sufficiently the 'muss 'em up' attitude that this kind of lawlessness deserved and required." In fairness it must be added that this is not all of the Kings County grand jury's solution. It talks about playgrounds and the Board of Education and the Park Department and the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board and the Adolescent Court and the Mayor and the Radio. All very fine talk, gentlemen, but all it can do is retard, ever so slightly, the speed at which your vicious circle whirls, until

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the day when Negroes live in decent quarters and when the urban community admits its responsibility for preventing congestion and sleeping in shifts in the same bed and going easy on the real hoodlums for fear some inflamed leader may yap.

The Lebanon Troubles

IT IS A WONDERFUL opportunity to throw the Atlantic Charter, the rights of man, the rights of nations, to throw the book at the French and no one has missed it. Young men shout in Cairo "The Wafdist youths are soldiers of Lebanon"; the Iraqi Government has asked the removal of French authority from Lebanon until the end of the war; Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, informs Mr. Churchill that "the French action in Lebanon has created the worst impression on the Arab peoples." All of which is legitimate political warfare. The Pan-Arab movement is a legitimate movement. It is entirely legitimate for the peoples of the Middle East to profit by any occasion in order to further the cause of independence.

But it is not legitimate for American public opinion to expect the French to throw away the Lebanon, Syria, or any part of the French Empire, or any territory under French mandate in the midst of a war—particularly in a case where to throw away a position would mean throwing it into the lap of the British. It is not legitimately that we can expect de Gaulle to proclaim, transposing Mr. Churchill, that he is at the head of the French National Committee in order to preside over the dissolution of the French Empire. It is not a legitimate request to make of de Gaulle that he should say to the British we are having trouble in the Lebanon, we will leave the trouble for you to handle, we will leave you to preside over the formation of a free Lebanon, a free Syria, a free Palestine, a free Egypt, a huge free federated Middle East, free of any influence, any domination save your own.

It is reported in the New York *Times* that the United States made strong representations to the French Committee when the disorders in the Lebanon broke out: "The Committee was reminded that the United States would be unable to understand how a nation suffering from oppression on its own home soil could take a step that might infringe the liberties of another people."

It is the business of a great nation to understand what goes on in the world; it is the business of the United States to understand why Nehru is in jail in India, why President Bechara el Khoury and Premier Riad Solh are in jail in the Lebanon; it is not the business of the United States to insult the French as if the French having nothing better to do had taken up the sport of shooting natives.

Historically France's position in Syria came about because France was the recognized protector of Christians under Moslem rule. After the World War France was granted a mandate over Syria. Before the World War, during that war, after that war French rule was rendered extremely difficult because of the rise of Arab nationalism and the intense religious division between Mahometans and Christians. The difficulties of the situation were augmented by a persistent conflict between the French and British secret services. The British made promises to the Arabs and broke them. The British told the Arabs that the Europeans would get out—principally those Europeans who happened to be French. The British said that the French Empire was out of date.

When everything is happy in the world the French Empire will be out of date and so will the other; the Druses and the Maronites in the Lebanon will live happily together. Meanwhile the British perforce are in India, the French perforce and legitimately in the Lebanon. What have the French in the Lebanon had to deal with?

They have had to prevent an uprising engineered by Riad Solh. Who is Riad Solh? Riad Solh is a Mahometan long intimately connected with the nationalist cabal in Damascus, but representing therein Mahometan extremism and avowed sympathy, at least since the March on Rome, with the most repulsive aspects of fascism and later of nazism. He made no secret of being president of the local shirt organization, which marches adults and children around in a fashion thoroughly familiar in Rome and Berlin. When he went to Paris, he openly proclaimed his great admiration for Mussolini and Hitler, and if he was not in the pay of fascist Italy, he might just as well have been.

He may of course have acted as the purest patriot using, as statesmen of larger countries than his have used, whatever forces would serve his purpose. Primarily neither his motives, nor his person, nor his fascist sympathies are the concern of the French. Were Solh as pure as Gandhi, as single-hearted as George Washington, the action that the French have taken to oppose his bid for immediate national autonomy and to maintain their control over a country in which they are legally present would be neither more nor less justifiable. The French are acting as all European nations have always acted; they are refusing to be the first to abandon their colonial possessions and the positions which are key positions to their empire. The great plans for the future are admirable, they say; empires are not eternal, they know. There is a new spirit abroad, indubitably. The British may have to move out of India, the French out of Syria. But why should the French, "suffering oppression at home," be considered so quaint for saying "Retirez vous les premiers messieurs les anglais"? C. G. PAULDING.

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Russia Rises From Her Ruins

The spirit of reconstruction

Helen Iswolsky

ONE OF the most remarkable manifestations of Russia's national and spiritual rebirth is the love felt by the Russian people for their native soil. Some wounded men in Russia, during the siege of Stalingrad, were picked up by a boat on the Volga. These men had been in the thick of battle. They were seriously injured and exhausted. When they had landed in a safe spot and realized that they were secure, they lay down on the ground and kissed the earth. The story is told by a Soviet war-correspondent who witnessed the scene.

This appeal to mother earth in the hour of danger is something very typical of the Russian people. In a recent play written by the gifted Soviet writer, Leonid Leonov, a peasant who has escaped from the Germans after having witnessed the destruction of his village fervently exclaims; "O Russian earth, protect us."

Soviet literature today is deeply inspired by this primitive love of the Russian soil. It is something infinitely stronger than the official ideology taught by communist leaders. One cannot easily imagine a Russian peasant today fighting in the name of the Proletarian Revolution. But one can well imagine him fighting and dying in the name of this mother earth.

So deep is this love that the entire civilian population of Russia is taking part in this war. A great deal has been written about the guerrilla fighters—women, old men and even children helping to chase the Germans out of occupied areas. But the guerrillas are not alone to help the army. In the besieged cities, like Stalingrad or Leningrad, every citizen carried his share of responsibility.

There is a remarkable short story by Tatiana Oks, a Soviet writer, describing the meeting between a soldier on furlough and his wife who lives in besieged Leningrad. The man is just back from the front where he has seen fierce fighting. The woman has lived through the worst days of the siege, and like most inhabitants of Russia's former capital, she has suffered from famine, cold and exhaustion*. As these two meet, the reader feels that each has carried the fearful burden of this war, and wonders which has suffered most.

The man tells his wife how they have been fighting in order to break through and liberate the city. The woman relates how they set up a tank factory and worked under artillery fire. They finished four tanks within one week. Another five days passed and they had made thirty-five tanks. The workshops were not heated. The tools were so cold they burnt the worker's hands. Blood and an ice-crust covered their faces.

Thus these two talked on, regardless of their personal destiny, absorbed in one dream, the liberation of the city. In the morning the man goes back to the fighting lines, and the woman remains to do her job in the city where every inhabitant is a fighter.

The Soviet poetess Olga Bergholtz, who witnessed the siege of this city, proudly writes, "I spent that winter in Leningrad!" For her it was indeed a rare privilege to have experienced the bitter months of that winter siege. And she recalls the message, which she at that time sent to her people in the rear, "We are alive, we shall make a stand, we shall win."

And the poetess goes on to say that during these months of ordeal she seemed to share the very breath of the beleaguered city; "I was not a hero," she adds. "I simply lived."

During the recent advances of the Russian armies, to recapture large portions of occupied territory, these liberated areas have revealed the terrible havoc wrought by Hitler's barbaric hordes. You have read Molotov's official report describing nazi atrocities. You have read accounts of war correspondents depicting these scenes. There is little I can add to them. But there is a story which has recently been published by the Soviet writer Boris Lavrenev, which illustrates better than all reports and accounts what the Soviet soldiers found in these liberated regions.

It is the story of an old woman whom the liberators found roaming in a deserted village. Soviet soldiers were billeted in her half-ruined home, and for three weeks the old woman cooked for them and mended their clothes. She spoke little of the nazi occupation, and when the soldiers questioned her about it, she was silent and evasive. They guessed that she had been through some horrifying experience, but they did not want to press her. She had no family, her people must have been either murdered or driven away as

*Translated by Mark Van Doren, "Under the Summer Solstice."

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slaves to Germany. It was only after three weeks that the soldiers discovered that this white-haired, haggard woman was—thirty-five years old.

In Leonov's play mentioned above, the peasants who have escaped from the nazi and have taken refuge in a camp of guerrilla fighters speak in the name of all these who have been martyred, "We shall roam throughout Russia," they say, "so that all may see our wounds."

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However, all is not sadness and despair in Russia today. Far from it. The Russian people are aware, above all things, that their sacrifice has not been in vain.

They know that thanks to the great battles they have fought, a new world is in the shaping. We must not forget, moreover, that the generation which is fighting this war in Russia has known many hardships and has made many sacrifices long before Hitler's aggression. It is a generation which has been steeled by revolution, civil strife, strenuous social and economic struggles, the endless toil and privations demanded by the five year plans and by the organization of Russian war industry on a gigantic scale. All this already represents an almost superhuman effort.

The Soviet poet Alexis Surkoff writes that he has been through four wars and had throughout his entire youth ample experience in fighting and facing privations, suffering and death. "We have known everything," he writes, "the only thing we have not known is dullness."

It is this hard-trained, sturdy, dynamic generation which is winning the war in Russia. What is most remarkable, perhaps, is not this fighting spirit. It is something else which goes along with it, and which has manifested itself during the last year, especially after the liberation of Stalingrad and of other nazi-held centers. It is the spirit of *reconstruction*.

On August 23, 1943, the Soviet government published an official document containing the plan of reconstruction for liberated areas. This plan states that the country's resources and energies will be employed for the rebuilding of industry, transportation and agriculture.

Many thousands of heads of cattle will be brought to the devastated regions. The coal mines of the Donets area will be repaired, as well as oil wells, refineries, steel plants and factories. Tractors, combines and other agricultural machines will be delivered to reconstructed Kolkhozes. Tools and machinery will be produced, and those existing already will be moved to industrial regions as they are liberated from the Germans.

Special attention will be given to the development and reorganization of public education. A number of military schools will be created in order to train the children of the fighters who have given their lives in this war.

It is interesting to note that these institutions will bear the name of Russia's national hero, General Suvorov, and that they will be organized according to the pattern of the old military cadet schools of Czarist times. Moreover, there will be children's homes, kindergartens and crêches for the thousands of Russian children who have lost their parents and their homes in this war.

Even before the official plan of reconstruction was published in Russia, much was done to promote reconstruction. Everywhere villages were coming to life, ruined houses were being rebuilt, streets cleared from the havoc caused by the retreating nazis, fields tilled and sown anew with seeds which the local population had carefully hidden away from the Germans.

Cultural reconstruction has also been promoted. Tchaikovsky's house and museum at Klin, which suffered badly at the hands of the Germans, have been repaired and reopened to the public. The nazis destroyed a number of Tchaikovsky's autographed musical scores. But many precious manuscripts and objects, recalling the composer's life and work, fortunately have been saved and reclassified.

A similar task has been performed at Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy's estate and burial ground, which was also profaned by the nazi invaders when they swept over the Tula region. Yasnaya Polyana, now liberated, has been cleared of all traces of invasion and is once more an undamaged memorial to Tolstoy's greatness.

If we turn back to industrial, economic and agricultural reconstruction, it has already achieved remarkable results. Thousands of kilometers of railway track have been relaid. Life flows back to the reconquered regions almost instantly; it is the rejuvenated bloodstream of a rapidly healing body.

We must not forget the fact that during the Russians' retreat, an immense quantity of machinery and tools, as well as entire plants, were moved deep into the rear with their staffs of skilled workers and technicians. These plants are now working not only to speed war industry but also to provide the liberated areas with indispensable goods. Wherever manpower is lacking, because of mobilization and the heavy casualties caused by the war, women are assuming the jobs of their menfolk. Millions of them are engaged in war production and agriculture. Two hundred thousand women specialists are superintendents of collective farms.

Soviet youth is also doing its share in this gigantic work. It is characteristic that the Komsomol, communist youth organization, which was considered as the dynamic factor in Soviet Russia, is no longer alone able to cope with the task. New

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organizations have been created, in which the Komsomol has joined hands with non-party elements. These new organizations are called the "Komsomol-and-Youth Brigades." Here a distinction is obviously made between the members of communist youth proper and the vast masses of Soviet young people who are not communist in spirit or training. The "Komsomol-and-Youth Brigades" are extremely active in war plants. Their slogan is, "Each of us must work for two, for himself and for his comrade who is in the fighting lines."

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This tremendous impetus of creative work is felt throughout Russia. It is not only based on the initiative of official organizations. It not only represents plans and blueprints. It is the very substance of Russia today.

When Stalingrad was liberated, the Soviet soldiers discovered on the bank of the Volga the great statue of the famous flyer, Victor Kholudnov, which the nazis has overthrown and mutilated. The statue was lifted, replaced on its pedestal, propped up by tree trunks.

This statue, towering above the Volga, as if leaning on gigantic crutches, is a symbol of the dynamic spirit which is bringing Russia back to life in spite of her many wounds and mutilations.

A Soviet correspondent who visited Stalingrad shortly after the Germans were driven out gives a moving picture of this gradual revival. As in all the reconquered regions of Russia, the population clings lovingly to their city's ruins. Nobody wanted to leave Stalingrad, in spite of the terrible destruction it has suffered. People lived in dugouts, in armored pill-boxes, in tents and roughly-built barracks. They hastily rebuilt their homes. They welcomed gleefully the first shop to be opened, the first barber to start his work, the first bus run. And while life was gradually coming back to the city, you could see the children playing in the streets which had recently witnessed the bloody scenes of battles. They played at "defending Stalingrad," recalling the battles which had been fought in earnest only a few weeks ago. Meanwhile, every able-bodied inhabitant of Stalingrad was engaged in reconstruction work. The "industrial district," which has been so often mentioned in communiqués and where the fiercest fighting took place, was hastily cleared; the ruined plants were repaired and set to work and the population flowed back to these long deserted suburbs.

During the siege, the inhabitants had erected great posters proclaiming, "We shall defend Stalingrad." After the city's liberation, other posters appeared, proclaiming, "We shall rebuild Stalingrad."

A great number of women have volunteered as masons, bricklayers, carpenters. Their leader is Alexandra Tcherkassova, the wife of a soldier fighting in the front lines. She has stimulated this remarkable movement of women builders who work overtime and are accomplishing an incredible task, at an incredible rhythm. To be a stone mason or a bricklayer today in Stalingrad is considered a great privilege, a mark of honor.

And this spirit is not only to be found in Stalingrad. It manifests itself throughout Russia. It expresses the will to live and the deep love of a people for their homes, mutilated and profaned by an invader. It seems that, as I have already pointed out, Russia's tragic ordeal has kindled in her people's soul a new and more poignant love for their native soil, for their cities and their villages, for their monuments and churches and the graves of their great dead.

They have learned to cherish all these national treasures, reconquered in bitter fighting. They have come to feel that the seeds they are planting today, these seeds hidden away from the enemy, and sown today in a liberated soil, are the promise of a new and happier world.

The spirit of Russian reconstruction is the spirit of hope, something which far outreaches purely material aims. It is the deep conviction that all wounds can be healed, that no physical destruction can prevail where the soil is alive.

This hope of a better world to grow out of the war has been expressed by the poet Surkov, when he speaks of man groping his way through the maze of suffering and death:

> As the scorching wind of wars blows overhead,
> Man marches on through this ruthless age
> Guarding his heart against savagery
> By the dream of peace, fraternity and rest.

CIO Convention

JOHN C. CORT

THERE was little excitement at the CIO convention in Philadelphia November 1-5, and those who looked for fireworks between left and right wings were headed for disappointment. For the third straight year the strong underlying conflict between Communist Party and anti-CP elements was kept carefully in the background, and unity and unanimity were the dominant notes of discussion on the floor.

The right-wing complexion of the convention, however, was evident to any close observer. It was not that the comrades were beaten on any particular issue, but that they were afraid even to fight for any particular issue, such as: (1) unqualified support for a fourth term, (2) unqualified denunciation of Lewis, (3) incentive pay, and (4) second front—all of which are now important stops on the Party line. When Howard McKenzie, vice-president of the National Maritime Union, tried to drag in the second front issue, he had his

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ears quickly pinned back by Van Bittner, steelworkers v.-p., who remarked: "No one on the resolutions committee is a military genius. Leave this [second front] matter to the men charged with the duty of running the war."

There was some pre-convention talk that the CP would try to unseat Jim Carey, CIO secretary-treasurer, and for a while it appeared that Ben Probe, secretary of the Michigan CIO, would be their man. Carey has been high up on the comrades' hate list since his speech at the protest meeting over the Ehrlich-Alter executions, and Carey's own union, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (now CP-controlled), had voted in convention not to support him for re-election. There had been further talk of a split between Carey and Phil Murray, CIO president, who is himself a middle-roader inclined to the right. Of this nothing came. Both men were re-elected without opposition, as were the nine vice-presidents, who together with Carey and Murray represent pretty accurately the present distribution of forces within the CIO. These men, judged on their records, are oriented about as follows: two straight CP's—Joe Curran (seamen) and Reid Robinson (smelter workers); one CP front man and fellow traveler—Albert Fitzgerald (electrical); one middle-roader who consistently fence-straddles—Allan Haywood (director of organization); two middle-roaders inclined to the right—R. J. Thomas (autos) and John Green (shipbuilding); and three pronounced right wingers—Frank Rosenblum (clothing), Sherman Dalrymple (rubber) and Emil Rieve (textiles).

Murray finally answered both friends and enemies who have been asking for specific figures on CIO membership, AFL leaders having actually made the silly claim that the CIO numbered only 2,000,000 in all. Murray's figures: 5,285,000, not including 1,150,000 in armed forces and an estimated 500,000 unreported by unions skimping on their per capita tax. Present AFL figures are 6,564,141 plus 600,000 miners who are on their way back. While we're on the miners, it is amusing to note that R. J. Thomas came up with a secret document revealing that Lewis had spent $3,024,956 to organize 34,000 new workers in his catch-all District 50, or about $89 per member. And while we're on Lewis, it is interesting to note that both left and right wingers blasted him and his strike roundly, but wound up with giving full support to the miners' wage demands. Blackie Myers (seamen) called the coal strike "the greatest blow against the nation in the history of labor" and said that Lewis was "labor's Judas and must be driven from the American labor scene"—a statement typical of current CP feeling on the subject of its old friend.

About President Roosevelt and '44, the convention was not only coy, but positively critical, refusing bluntly to make any blind dates for next November. The tendency was to heap most of the blame for Washington's weak record in price control on an anti-Roosevelt Congress, but Murray came out flat-footed with criticism of the President for creating administrative agencies which "have virtually throttled the aspirations of labor" in this country. He said he did not feel ready to say to the Democratic Party, "Here we are, meek and humble of spirit, prepared to give to you our bodies and our souls in a state of abject surrender." Nevertheless, here's betting that when-as-and-if F. D. R. runs again, the whole CIO will be solidly in his corner and pulling hard.

What such support will mean was indicated by Sidney Hillman (clothing), chairman of the CIO political action committee, when he revealed that affiliated unions have already chipped in $750,000 for political work and that the ante should go well over $2,000,000. Other committee members said it would total $5,000,000, which, by the way, is an interesting reaction to the Smith-Connally ban on unions making political contributions. This way the CIO will have to spend its own money, but apparently far more of it than it would have under the old set-up. Hillman also expressed the hope that the AFL railroad brotherhoods and farm organizations would join the CIO in holding their own joint convention in 1944 prior to the Republican and Democrat gatherings, with a view to putting labor's demands right on the line. Which seems like a very smart idea.

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In spite of the convention's frontal attack on the Little Steel formula, about which more later, there was a unanimous vote for renewal of the CIO's no-strike pledge "without any qualifications or conditions." There was also a resolution against any kind of labor freezing bill, another urging unity with "the workers and peasants" [sic] of Latin America, another criticizing England's policy in India and our State Department's policy nearly everywhere and urging the appointment of labor attachés to all embassies, and still another demanding prosecution of individuals and groups like "Gerald L. K. Smith and the Ku Klux Klan, which deliberately seek to foment civil strife and discord by setting one race against another, whipping up hatred against minority groups and encouraging discrimination."

In this last connection it is significant that the CIO elected a second Negro to its executive board, Ferdinand Smith of the CP Maritime Union. The other one, whose name escapes me, represents the United Transport Service Employees (mostly railroad station workers).

Like most labor conventions the CIO gave a large slice of its time and attention to the problem of getting a little more of the old green stuff into

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the pockets of its membership. Not that I blame them—it's a perfectly valid and, unfortunately, still necessary function of a labor organization. Complementary to this problem was the problem of keeping as much green stuff as possible in members' pockets. To do this the convention threw its whole weight against any kind of sales tax plan as an unjustified, inexcusable burden—which it is—on those least able to bear such a burden. Instead it proposed higher income taxes on those who are not spending everything for necessities, namely the upper and middle brackets (over $3,000), with a $25,000 income top after taxes. Also part of the keeping-it-in strategy was another emphatic endorsement of the President's subsidy program for rolling back prices to levels of September 15, 1942, and another loud blast at sinister elements in Congress who are trying to sabotage subsidies and the whole price control set-up.

But mostly the convention concentrated its offensive on the Little Steel formula. The reasoning was simple: wages have been rigidly stabilized, or frozen, at the level of 15 percent above those of January 1, 1941, while prices have been allowed to climb to about 25 percent above those of January, '41. Here, however, there enters a question of fact. The government claims that prices have been shoved back to a point only 4½ percent above the 15 percent rise level of September, '42 (are you still with me?) and waves the official Bureau of Labor Statistics to prove it. All labor groups have disputed these official figures, and the President has now appointed a five-man committee of the War Labor Board to investigate their validity and report back in sixty days.

This whole argument has been going on a long time, and for a long time Washington, though doing much better than it was, has failed to deliver the goods in getting prices back to September, '42. Anyway the CIO now states flatly that it is fed up with sitting on its hands and is going full steam ahead for sizable wage increases. The success of Lewis and his miners in getting their raise, though this was kept technically within the formula by slicing the lunch period (how can a man eat a decent lunch in fifteen minutes?), has added fuel to their desire. The first big gun in the offensive will be demands for a 15 cents an hour increase for 900,000 steel workers, or a total boost of $300,000,000.

It may also be that this campaign is largely designed as a threat to those Congressmen who want to axe the subsidy program. The big danger, of course, is that such people will figure something like this. "Okay, give labor its raises. Then we can bust up price-control completely and our friends (farmers and business men) will be able to make a killing, because everybody knows that prices always rise faster and farther than wages."

Despite the soothing reassurances of CIO leaders, it is a fearsome thing to contemplate the possibilities once the present dam, leaky as it is, has been torn down. It seems to me that Mrs. Roosevelt, who is a CIO member herself by virtue of her card in the Newspaper Guild, had a better idea when she asked the convention to undertake an educational program that would "tell the story of injustices, inequalities and bad conditions so that the people at home would take action to eliminate the things which bring about work stoppages."

The big cause of "work stoppages" is dissatisfaction with wages, and there is irrefutable common sense in the view that the best way to eliminate that is to force prices down, lower prices being simply a wage boost for everybody who gets wages. Since labor can't rightly strike (Lewis to the contrary, but completely), the best way to get prices down is to arouse the American people to the point where they will make it unbearably hot for those elements in Washington who are either fumbling with price control or actually trying to knife it. Mrs. Roosevelt has the right idea.

Our Church Music

RICHARD GINDER

THERE is hardly a thinking choirmaster in the country who doesn't know that our Catholic church music, from the creative point of view, is on its way out. There are a few sparks of life remaining, the corpus kicks and twitches occasionally, but nobody is fooled and the picture is actually pretty bleak. It's a part of that vast lethargy currently settling over all of music—an abundance of talent with a conspicuous defeat of genius; only, in our church-balconies we sometimes doubt the presence even of talent.

The Mass is no longer regarded as an art-form. At first, in the palmy days of counterpoint, it was the only extended art-form. Palestrina, Lassus and Vittoria had no symphony, no opera, into which to pour their inspirations. They could write Masses, Vespers, motets, or madrigals.

The Church, it seems, has always had difficulty in restraining composers. They have too often tended to repeat their Kyrie's to distraction, to draw out their Credo's to lengths quite tedious. Now and then they have been known to inject secular tunes, which might well take the minds of their congregations from the altar to the taproom.

As to the matter enclosed in the art-form—shall we say, the melodies and harmonies poured into the molds—that was left pretty much to the canons of good taste, so that church music went on *pari passu,* in a sense, with secular music. Palestrina, in his late years, must have heard many a Mass which did violence to his ears, and must have deplored the passing of the good old days

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when composers stuck to the writing of chaste counterpoint; and the introduction of Monteverdi's dissonant seventh must have excited consternation wherever church musicians gathered. One can't imagine Vittoria approving of Jakob Händl (Gallus, he signed himself). He must have considered even Nanini brash in places.

With Haydn and Mozart, we find composers running riot—divine services degenerating into "performances," with florid solos and duets, sensational contrasts and climaxes, and an orchestra going now hog wild, in place of the organ.

★

Beethoven took his turn at writing Masses, and Weber and, in the last generation, even Verdi. These were geniuses writing music which was excellent in itself. Unfortunately, the times began to spawn a kind of commercial art, represented by the work of such men as Rosewig, Millard, and Wiegand. Their effusions amounted to an outright burlesque of the so-called Viennese music (the writings of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven). They gained a large following in this country and were taken quite seriously by many a small-town choir.

The "Motu Proprio" of Pope Pius X on church music was sorely needed. Published just forty years ago this November 22, Saint Cecilia's day, it wrote and authorized a complete program for house-cleaning our church music, creation and performance. It was a delicate matter because, you see, there are so many problems in taste and opinion entering in to becloud the issue. The Holy Father had to chasten the art without throttling it. He had to leave some scope for originality.

Precepts were laid down for performance. Women were barred from choirs. Solos, as such, were forbidden. Orchestral instruments were to be used only with the permission of the local bishop. Plainchant was given a good push; the Solesmes hypotheses on its interpretation were canonized and imposed on the Universal Church. Figured music was to be judged for its liturgical correctness according as it approached the spirit of the chant or the writings of the Renaissance contrapuntalists. Great was the furore. Lists of forbidden music were drawn up. Articles were written—schools founded—associations formed—resolutions passed.

"Interpretation" of the "Motu Proprio" robbed it of its force in many places. At best, reformation was uphill work, because so many of ours in America were volunteer choirs, directed by persons of more or less ossified temperament, who had nothing to lose by quitting if it came to a showdown on following the pastor's directions.

The late Joseph Otten, of the Cathedral in Pittsburgh, is said to have remarked to Archbishop Cannevin, back in November, 1903: "Now, Your Excellency, we shall get results. The highest authority in Christendom has spoken."—"I'm not so sure, Mr. Otten," replied the Archbishop. "It was God Himself Who gave us the Ten Commandments, and they're still not too widely observed."

We can see some reformation progress, though, in this *quadragesimo anno*. The seminarians of 1903 and following years have long been pastors and bishops. The schools of church music have been sending forth little bands of zealots, year after year. Most church musicians are keeping themselves well informed and it has become fashionable to take six weeks or so of a summer at this or that Gregorian institute.

As for all-male choirs—that day will never come, we fear. There is one exception. Pittsburgh, always to the fore in church music, has meticulously observed the "Motu Proprio" down to the last jot, especially since the appointment of Father Carlo Rossini to the music commission. We can aver conscientiously that during the past fifteen or twenty years, not one female, however pious, has raised her voice with a Pittsburgh choir. We must amend that general statement to take care of Agnes, a Slovak girl we met recently; faithful librarian of her choir for many years, and faced, finally, with the prospect of having to quit, she changed mysteriously from alto to bass. No one knows how. As far as we know, she is still singing bass with her choir, keeping her mouth discreetly shut whenever she spies a visitor in the gallery.

It took a lot of work in Pittsburgh and there was much anguish before things were finally straightened out. Even now, Pittsburgh won't guarantee you beautiful music, well sung, but it will present you with a male choir, by Godfrey, from Coraopolis to Zelienople, singing every word of the Proper, and a Mass that is devotional—that is, provided the choir treats it with a minimum of respect. The organ will be used as specified—silent during Preface and Pater Nosters, and during Requiems.

But about the music being written: there just is none of any significance. Mlle. Nadia Boulanger was discussing the problem with us last winter. She thinks choirs should sing either sixteenth- and pre-sixteenth-century counterpoint, or plainchant. It's as simple as that, according to her. But how many choirs have you ever heard capable of singing such counterpoint? We can rule that out of the problem before we start. As for a steady diet of plainchant—not only would it be indigestible, but it would mean the end of creative art in church music. A Palestrina would never have been possible nourished entirely on such fare. Besides, this was not the idea of Pope Pius X.

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Then, with precious inconsistency, Mlle. Boulanger exclaimed: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Holy Father would commission Mr. Strawinsky to write him a Mass! What an impulse to church music!"

That's just it! We have to say either that there are no serious Catholic composers, or that they have all been scared off by the "Motu Proprio." They no longer think of the Mass as a vehicle for their ideas. As a matter of fact, Igor Strawinsky has a charming little Ave Maria, published in Paris with Russian text. It is in his own style, and so refreshing, after the stale clichés which provide our current pabulum! It isn't at all irreverent, nor distracting. It's devotional, and the worthy prayer of a great genius to Our Lady.

But what of Debussy, say, and Fauré? Why haven't they written some practical Masses for us? Think of Claude Achille's ethereal harmonies floating through a Sanctus. Think of Gabriel Fauré's quintessential good taste governing the solemnity of a Kyrie! What of De Falla?—a veritable saint on earth, a mystic! He could have put some of his Andalusian intensity, his Spanish fervor, into a Credo. But he hasn't. What of Ottorino Respighi, the Roman? Where shall we find those French apostles of the organ, presiding over the consoles at Notre Dame, Ste. Eustache, St. Sulpice, and Montmartre: Widor and Vierne, Tournemire, Mulet, Dallier, Dupré and Bonnet? Have they always had their backs to the altar?

We can understand the absence of Hugo Wolf, Vaughan Williams (who has written superbly for the Anglicans), Sibelius, Schoenberg, Prokofieff and the others—they sprang from a non-Catholic tradition. But these others—are there no more Catholic artists? Gretchanioff and Archangelski have written for the Russian Liturgy; is there no one to write our music for us? Have they been frightened by the "Motu Proprio"? We can assure them that it was never the intention of the Holy Father to embalm our music in the mediocre style of Witt and Haller or of Perosi and Ravenello!—nor of the countless potboilers which fall each year from the press, stinking of the academy, and guaranteed to be correct (infinitely, absolutely correct) easy, and liturgical.

Suppose, now, you were a choirmaster, choosing this year's Christmas Mass. You might do a German or an Italian one. There are no others.

The German Masses are a product of the tradition fostered at Regensburg toward the end of the last and the beginning of this century. The Institute of Church Music there (its chief patron was King Louis of Bavaria, Richard Wagner's "angel") did great work in its day, reviving chant and counterpoint. Its composers wrote a pleasant, generally uninspired type of music, combining male voices in compact knots of tone, thinking vertically rather than horizontally and leaning heavily on tympanic effects. The names of Witt, Haller, Haberl, Stehle, Gruber and Singenberger represent these Cecilians, as they are called, after the name of their periodical.

These have been superseded latterly by the Italian School, founded by Maestro Lorenzo Perosi, trained at Regensburg who had became a favorite of Pope Pius X's while that pontiff was still Patriarch of Venice. Perosi has a spark, a very small spark, and he has some originality (present tense, because he is still living). His music has a kind of solemnity about it, verging occasionally toward the saccharine.

After him came droves of imitators, cutting their music to the same pattern, horizontally, this time, rather than vertically, with infinite suspensions and resolutions, passing notes without number, bland, worn-out harmonies, each little composer fondly imagining that he was reproducing the spirit of Renaissance counterpoint. The result in each case was a watered down imitation of strict counterpoint which could only make Palestrina bilious, could he hear it.

Originality here is taboo. The idea is to say the same thing in the same old way, using different notes instead. Everything published since 1900 by Sten and Ricordi is emptied into the pot, stirred round and round, and then ladled out again in the shape of one more fat, greasy-sounding Mass (easy and liturgical). Representing this school are men like Ravanello, Bottazzo, Dobici, Carturan, Capocci, Grassi, Terrabuggio, and so on, in varying degrees of guilt.

Pietro Yon, choirmaster at St. Patrick's, New York, has done some little to forestall complete petrifaction. His Masses would fall into the "greasy" classification, were it not that he inevitably has the courage to introduce something original. It may be in his harmonies. It may be in a heterodox accompaniment to a snatch of chant.

Then there is Licinio Refici, whose Masses are bold and colorful. His "Regina Martyrum" is suggestive, ever so slightly, of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly"—the harmonies, that is; and his "Missa Choralis" sounds in places like "Parsifal."

Outside of this, there is no one worthy of comment. Now: what Mass shall we sing this Christmas? Which would you choose?

"Tobacco Road"

DOROTHY DAY

THE STORY begins with my speaking at downtown Fordham to the Sodality of Our Lady, one noon hour some years ago. The meeting had a note in the *Times* perhaps, under "Meetings of the Day," and that's how some outsiders happened to be there.

I talked of the Green Revolution, and how

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Lenin had said that there could be no revolution without a theory of revolution, and how students had taken a vital part in movements in other countries, and how the Fordham students could not only be studying the theory of the Green Revolution, but also be participants, spreading Catholic periodicals and pamphlets as the communists did. I pointed out how, in times of change, newspapers were always suppressed; how Trotsky was first sent to Siberia for distributing leaflets outside a factory in Odessa. (I indulged in these radical examples not only because of my former communist associations, but because it makes the students feel the more keenly their own complacent attitude of taking things for granted).

I finished my talk by asking the students to do as much as they could in spreading Catholic periodicals by leaving them in subways, buses, trains, on their way to and from school, and also to familiarize themselves with what was going on by reading them.

During the question period a young girl in the rear raised her hand. "I'm not a Fordham student, and I'm not a sodality member," she said. "I'm an actress in 'Tobacco Road'."

There was the same kind of stunned silence that always ensues when I speak of Lenin or Trotsky as an example to be followed. Peter Maurin believes in the technique of surprise. He thinks people need to be startled, but I wonder sometimes if we don't startle them too much. There was no doubt about it though, the audience certainly had listened to every word.

"I came here because I saw the meeting advertised," she said, "and I wanted to learn more about the *Catholic Worker*. I first got a copy a few months ago on a very cold day, up on Forty-second Street. I'd passed the fellow who sold the paper many times before, and thought how undignified it was for a Catholic paper to be hawked on the street like that—just as though it were a communist or a Judge Rutherford sheet. But it was so cold that I felt sorry for the fellow who sold it, and bought a copy.

"And when I read it, I enjoyed it so; I could understand every bit of it. I decided I'd spread it around as much as possible. So I made it my job to go to all the houses in my parish, from door to door, and ask them whether they wanted to subscribe to the *Sunday Visitor,* or the *Catholic Worker*. I gave them their choice, but I made them take one paper. I did that every month all winter. And I liked the *Catholic Worker* so much myself, because it deals with people who are poor, that I took it for every member of the cast of 'Tobacco Road'."

She added a little sadly, a little apologetically, "Of course there is an awful lot of profanity in the play, and a lot of wickedness. But I pray for those poor people, and every time I hear them take the Lord's name in vain I say 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph, forgive them'."

Ruth Byrnes was there for that meeting and we were going to have lunch together afterward, with one of the priests. We were both touched and charmed by Miss Hunter and invited her to go to lunch with us. She was a completely natural person and we enjoyed the luncheon very much. She had not so much sympathy with some aspects of the *Catholic Worker,* the women's House of Hospitality for instance.

"I worked like a dog myself," she told us, "so I don't see why any woman cannot get a job doing housework or something like that. If a woman is not lazy she can always find a home. In between stock company jobs, I always took what I could get, housework or anything else." She told us that she was married, had a child and had built a home with her earnings from "Tobacco Road," and that she was going to give up her job soon.

Also she invited Ruth and me to see the show. Neither of us had ever had any intention of seeing it, but we accepted her offer of seats, so one evening that week we found ourselves in about the sixth row, listening to about as sad a play as any one could conceive.

What was most horrible was the audience. They laughed with delight at every obscenity. They howled in shocked amazement at the bawdy missionary woman, at the antics of the harelipped girl (Miss Hunter). When there was nothing to eat but a turnip, they shouted with laughter over the hunger portrayed. When a Negro was killed, and one of the Southerners said, "It's only a nigger," they laughed at that. They laughed at incest and lechery and hunger and death. And the audience was not just Broadway, not just New York, but people from all over the country.

After the performance we went back to Miss Hunter's dressing-room. There was a picture of the Sacred Heart on the wall. She had made tea for us, and there was a box of little cookies which she had made herself. "Well, I could see how shocked you were," she said sadly, as she got herself into her clothes. "It *is* awful, isn't it? It started out as a pretty serious show, but every time some line got a laugh, we had to step up the action, play up the aspect that the audience wanted. I've always taken that show seriously. I've prayed for those poor ones. They have one appetite they can satisfy, and only one, and they satisfy it the only way they can. They are hungry and God-forsaken. Even their land is being taken from them, worn out as it is. They have nothing left but sex. They are a degraded lot and there's lots of poor like that too, and who are we to be passing judgment.

"Perhaps it always was bawdy. But also it was a serious play. It was the audience that made it what it is."

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Communications

THE SHIELD OF CHRISTENDOM

West Baden Springs, Ind.

TO the Editors: I disagree with the statement of Mr. Waclaw Bitner in THE COMMONWEAL for November 12 that Teshen Silesia was appropriated by the Poles during Hitler's annexation of Sudetenland "very much in the same way it was appropriated by Czechoslovakia while Poland was occupied with her war against the Soviets during 1918-1920."

There were some important and essential differences. In 1918-1920 almost all the Polish armed forces were engaged in the east. The provisional Czech-Polish frontier being secured by the common agreement of November 6, 1918, at Polish Ostrava and by reiterated assurances of the Czecho-Slovak Consul, Mr. Locher, Poland was surprised by the treacherous attack of the Czechs. The annexation of Teshen Silesia by Czecho-Slovakia never was acknowledged by Poland.

This was not the case in 1938. The Czechoslovak armed forces were not engaged against Germany. They were free to protect efficiently Teshen against the Poles. But facing the German occupation of this territory, Czechoslovakia preferred to repair the wrong done to Poland twenty years before. The new Czech-Polish frontier was settled, on a strict ethnological basis, by common consent, the Czechoslovak Commission headed by Mr. Hrabcik.

This historical fact was recently confirmed in a statement made in England on October 13, 1943, by the Czechoslovak general, Leo Prhala (the only Czechoslovak general who was courageous enough to fight against the aggression) that Teshen Silesia in 1938 was handed over to Poland by the mutual agreement of President Benes and the Polish Government.

Our great mistake in 1938 was not the recovery of Teshen Silesia, which to all the Poles without exception had been a sort of "unredeemed land" for twenty years, but (and here Mr. Bitner, being one of the influential men at Warsaw, is not without blame) the refusal to cooperate with Soviet Russia against the Teutonic aggression against our Slavonic neighbor.

REV. WACLAW ZAJACZKOWSKI, S.J.

WHO WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Exactly to what Mr. James Acton refers as a Carthaginian settlement of this war, I have no way of knowing: the phrase being capable of covering a wide range of attitudes. It seems to me, however, that to invoke Lincoln's supreme charity toward the great leaders of the Confederacy as a precedent for this war is to do violence to all facts whatever. The great leaders of the Confederacy, Jackson, Lee, Pickett, Longstreet, were men of the very highest moral and religious fibre; the witches' crew of Himmlers, Hitlers, Goebbels, *et al* who have harried Europe are avowed criminals, and whether as public men, or as human beings with private lives, they are, I think, one and all, the most evil group that ever rose to power in any European nation.

Sentimental hatred is always wrong because it is sentimental; but *so* is a sentimental benevolence toward thugs and murderers. I can see no similarity whatever between our great Civil War and our present war to put down thuggery.

COMMONWEAL READER.

CRITIQUE AND COUNTER CRITIQUE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the chapter "My Father" of my new book "Crusade for Pan-Europe," published in THE COMMONWEAL for September 3, I recall how my father at the Good Friday services refused to remain for a prayer that he considered a symptom of intolerance perpetuating religious anti-Semitism.

Father Francis Wanenmacher published in THE COMMONWEAL for November 12 a very interesting critique of my father's point of view. It was not my wish to write any polemic on this subject; I only mentioned this matter to characterize my father, not to criticize the Good Friday liturgy. But now that the issue has been raised, I consider it a tribute to truth to point out one decisive error in Father Wanenmacher's article. He writes: "Alcuin of York . . . says that the 'Flectamus genua' ceremony is omitted because, as Saint Matthew's Gospel tells us, the Jews mocked their King prior to His crucifixion by a bending of the knee before Him. The historical fact recounted is true." The fact is that Saint Matthew's Gospel tells us exactly the contrary: not the Jews, but the Romans performed the mockery of genuflection. I quote (Matt. xxvii, 27): "Then the soldiers of the governor, taking Jesus into the hall, gathered together unto him the whole band . . . and bowing the knee before him, they mocked him, saying: Hail, King of the Jews!" The Gospel of Saint Mark reports this scene as follows (xiv. 16): "And the soldiers . . . did spit on him. And bowing their knees, they adored him."

Neither the Gospel of Saint Luke nor that of Saint John mentions this scene of mockery by genuflection. It is evident that it was performed by the Roman soldiers of governor Pontius Pilate; consequently by pagans, not by Jews. Alcuin must either have misunderstood or mistranslated this section of Saint Matthew's Gospel. Otherwise he and his followers could never have referred to it seriously as a reason for omitting the genuflection at the Good Friday prayer for the Jews.

I am sorry to say that many other highly learned Catholics, with whom I have discussed this matter, have used exactly the same utterly unfounded argument as Alcuin and Father Wanenmacher, although a glance at the Gospel would have dispelled their error.

RICHARD COUDENHOVE-KALERGI.

St. Paul's Priory, Keyport, N. J.

TO the Editors: It is with vivid interest that I read the article by Francis Wanenmacher in your issue of November 12, 1943, on the probable reason for omitting the genuflection at the Good Friday's prayer for the

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Jews. The theory he advances would be very acceptable if the plain facts did not contradict it.

In the "Gelasian Sacramentary" (edited by H. A. Wilson) which in its main part reflects the Roman tradition of the fifth century—the century Father Wanenmacher's theory refers to—we read on page 77, after the bishop has exhorted the congregation to pray for the infidel Jews, the following rubric: *annuntiat diaconus ut supra,* namely, to bend the knees. The manuscript Wilson used for his edition was written before 750. Therefore the above quotation proves that originally and certainly up to the eighth century the faithful bent their knees at the prayer for the Jews as they did at the other prayers.

The first to notice the omission seems to be Alamar of Metz (between 850 and 853) in his work *De ecclesiasticis officiis I, 13.* Medieval liturgists explained the omission of the genuflection because of the description of the crowning of Our Lord, Matthew 27, 29: "And bowing the knee before Him, they mocked Him, saying: 'Hail, King of the Jews.'" However, the Holy Scripture relates that not the Jews but the soldiers of the governor derided the Lord. Medieval liturgists, whose influence is still very much felt in popular explanations of the Liturgy, did not care too much for historical facts. Like medieval painters they interpreted the liturgy according to the devotional feelings of their time. The Church is not bound by such interpretations. Maybe one day to come, we shall bend our knee again as our spiritual ancestors did, praying for the salvation of the once chosen people in silent prayer until the deacon cries *Levate* and the bishop sums up (not replaces, as Father Wanenmacher thinks) the prayers of the faithful in the *oratio sollemnis,* called *sollemnis* because of its being repeated year by year.

DOM THOMAS MICHELS, O.S.B., Prior
(Originally of the Community at Maria Laach).

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Strong and unspoiled generations have a particular sense for forms and symbols, which respond to their inborn poetic power. When middle and northern Europe became Christianized, long before the Bible was printed and translated, the people learned about the life and passion of Christ by gathering around wandering monks and in the abbeys; then, as time went on, from pictorial descriptions, from the woven or embroidered tapestries and from the bronze doors of the cathedrals and their stained glass windows. They heard the recitals of the bards and saw the mystery plays on church squares. They heard about Judas and saw him entering the Garden of Gethsemane, "and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs, sent from the chief priests and the ancients of the people." They heard of the several scenes of derision, with and without genuflection, and of the final cry of the Jewish people: "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

And the craftsmen among them, with a concentration and patience no longer conceivable to us, began to paint and to carve out of oakwood and stone those altar-pieces and "lettners" which still rank among the masterpieces of art. Here are a few examples, germane to Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's and Father Wanenmacher's recent articles:

(1) A painting of the crowning with thorns in Erfurt at the Regler church, 1440. Three soldiers are standing, one Jew (with the typical hat) kneeling before Christ.

(2) The wood-carved altar-piece of the passion at Bordesholm, Slesvig, carved after the woodcut-book by Duerer, "The Passion" (1521). A soldier and a Jew fix the crown together, other Jews and soldiers are looking on.

(3) On the wood-carved altar piece in Xanten, soldiers and Jews stand around Christ, mocking him (about the same time as 2).

(4) A drawing by Duerer shows a soldier kneeling, Jews and elders looking on.

(5) A picture by Hieronimus Bosch (1450-1515) at Anvers shows a kneeling person, obviously not a soldier.

From these examples one conclusion can be drawn: the several scenes of derision and mock adoration, recounted by the Evangelists, have in pictorial representation become one. The essential features of all scenes of mockery have been welded together by the imagination of the people and the artists. This is, I submit, the result of an artistic process: in order to intensify the compassion of the faithful and at the same time for reasons of purely artistic values and limitation of space, the craftsmen did not present one scene after the other chronologically, but compressed the events of the trial.

Is it not reasonable to assume that the widespread existence of such artistic versions through a period of at least ten centuries shared in the responsibility for the longevity of a popular explanation which is anti-Semitic in effect?

Traditional errors play a much more important rôle in the formation of common knowledge than we like to admit. And we should be very careful not to let our bloodless intellectual reasoning account for the vehement enthusiasm that was alive in our ancestors. ANNEMARIE HULA.

The Stage & Screen

Goodbye Again

TEN YEARS AGO, the late great Osgood Perkins made this piece and it must be admitted that it's a fairly luke dish without him. Presented last week as the second of Mary Elizabeth Sherwood's stock ventures on the New Amsterdam Roof, the comedy showed thin and tired, and somewhat too long; even the beautiful "Meridian" gag failing to pick up the third act. As far as production details go, it is important to remember that this is stock; in other words, a series of plays each presented for one week only, and rehearsed for one week only by a group of actors earning a minimum wage. Because of the short rehearsal time, naturally the essential of the system is a versatile director, and I think perhaps a good bit of the tedium of the evening was due to Marjorie Maynard's uninspired staging of the piece. Handed a tricksy job which involved the same group of actors in the same hotel room for three medium acts, Miss Maynard managed only a slipshod pace and a great deal of unnecessary and fatuous

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business without any invention at all. Regarding performance, I thought Barbara Coburn in the rôle of secretary lacked projection, and although her diction was clear, it was of that mealy variety which generally means that an actor is still in the process of losing an accent and not yet able to *talk* on the stage. Jim Boles worked hard—considerably hampered by business—as the Lecturer, and Gordon Nelson delivered his usual neat job. The discovery of the evening was undoubtedly David Lewis as the Young Lawyer. Mr. Lewis subtly extracted every inch of sympathy and humor from that mysteriously blatant part, and will, I hope, be seen soon again.

This week the producer announces a new play, "Crosstown Bus"; and next, a revival of the Hecht-MacArthur hit, "The Front Page." *(At the New Amsterdam Roof.)*

What's Up

THERE ARE SO many credit lines crowding the program for this piece, it is difficult to know where to lay the blame for a wasted evening. Briefly, a silly book by Alan Jay Lerner and Arthur Pierson gives us eight or nine members of the Air Corps, together with Jimmy Savo as an Oriental Mr. Big, caught and quarantined in a school for girls, and any small degree of humor which might be wrung from the situation is steadfastly ignored by the authors although they do manage to ring in the President of the United States, via telephone, in order to resolve the emotional nebulae of the plot. (Funny.) The cast is nothing if not young and fresh, each member possessing one *tour*—usually an endless tap routine—which he or she is generously allowed to present to the house for minutes on end and for no reason at all. Aside from a rather charming polka, George Balanchine contributes little in the way of choreography; and musically speaking, one can only say that Frederick Loewe's tunes and Mr. Lerner's lyrics are as long as possible.

However, there is really more to it than this. In the first place, there is Savo who does exactly nothing at all; and in the second place, there are a series of brilliant settings by Boris Aronson which are never used. It is obvious that with real talent the prime movers of this show found themselves helpless. The spectacle of Jimmy delivering one or two phrases of Oriental baby-talk instead of double-talk; boredly charming a snake instead of the snake charming him; and above all, *not* going to sleep in a bed painted on the wall rather than climbing right in to some sort of lullaby; this spectacle is, I think, not sad but enraging. What it all adds up to is a conception of Theater which depends on pretension rather than imagination for its effects, a most insidious process. With a climactic orchestra brassily building up to no tune; with the curtain constantly rising on a number of provocative although wasted designs; and with each dancer or singer successively performing to the uproarious admiration of the rest of the cast; it is unfortunate that a battered audience is, more often than not, willing to concede to the amount of muscle work display. Whether the audience can be said to be having a good time is, of course, another thing. However, in case anyone wishes to trace the "hiss of escaping esteem" in the house on Friday night, I am proud to announce that that was not only me. *(At the National.)*

I'll Take the High Road

WITH THE PRESENT lack of stage space on the street and with a number of fancy arrangements held in the styx awaiting theaters, a new order of merit—The Honorable Withdrawal—has crept into print to define those productions whose backers have the guts to close when it is indicated. I think that's all I should like to put down concerning Lucille Prumb's comedy. *Honorably Withdrawn.* Produced and closed at the Ritz Theater by Clifford Hayman and Milton Berle. KAPPO PHELAN.

Pleasures Are Like Poppies Spread

THREE widely different films are offered this week, and while none of them will go down as notable contributions in the history of cinema, all three stand out for their entertainment values. *"Flesh and Fantasy,"* the most unusual of the three, is an experiment in the occult. Because of its interesting stories and Julien Duvivier's imaginative direction, the film will hold you spellbound regardless of whether you believe in fairy tales, fortune tellers, thought transference, or any of the standard psychic phenomena. It is told in three episodes held together by some rather unnecessary scenes in which the stories are brought to the attention of our old friend Robert Benchley. The first tale is a charming allegory about an ugly girl (Betty Field) who dons a beautiful mask on Mardi Gras night, joins the revelers, attracts a student (Robert Cummings) who is desperate and about to throw away his career. Through inspiring the boy to have faith in himself, she learns to have faith in herself and she learns the meaning of love. When she relucantly unmasks after a night of happiness with the boy, she is more beautiful than the mask she wore. In the second episode, an attorney (Edward G. Robinson), told by a palmist (Thomas Mitchell) that he will commit a murder, can find no rest until he fulfills the destiny he believes is marked in his palm. The third episode shows a famous tight rope walker (Charles Boyer) who dreams that a woman in the audience screams and he falls. That night as he does his death defying act, he suddenly becomes afraid and cannot complete the stunt. On a boat to America, he meets the woman (Barbara Stanwyck) who appeared in his dream. They fall in love. The aerialist regains his faith in himself but loses the woman as he learned he would in a second dream. The stories themselves are slight, but Director Duvivier has steeped each in an appropriate mood and has used trick cinema and fancy camera shots to heighten his film's dream quality. Especially successful are the use of masks in the first episode and the thrilling shots of the aerialist and the dreams in the third. The acting is good throughout. Charles Boyer and Julien Duvivier, who are responsible for this fine production, merit high praise for attempting something out of the ordinary in film fare. It is difficult to predict the audience response to this kind of entertainment, but such a fanciful movie would fascinate anyone who has wondered about extra-sensory perception and dreams. The film pooh-poohs superstitition; it almost spoils its own effectiveness with Benchley's crack about one's reaction to all this depending on a state of indigestion.

Seldom do the movies tackle seriously the problem of

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adolescence. Their Andy Hardys, Henry Aldriches and miscellaneous Booth Tarkington figures are mainly humorous characterization through which occasionally shines a glimmer of the real problems of coming-of-age. To this gallery of superficial studies must now be added *"Claudia."* Based on the popular stage play by Rose Franken which was a light, pleasant comedy about a delayed adolescent who suddenly grows up to her age, "Claudia" was never meant to be more than a slick magazine concoction. Naïve, scatterbrained Claudia is a girl of twenty with an overdose of mother image. Although her husband finds this childlike whimsy delightful but trying, neither he nor her mother sits down to teach her the facts of life. She learns them herself through a series of episodes in one crowded day. A neighbor (a dramatist "who is not only English but British") finds her desirable and kisses her; she discovers she is going to have a baby; she learns her mother, on whom she has leaned entirely, is soon going to die. When Claudia realizes the uncertainty of life and that she must make friends with pain, she becomes a woman. This material properly handled could have been the basis for honest cinema. But the light touches of the Franken play got lost when Morrie Ryskind wrote his awkward, sentimentally insincere screenplay. And Edmund Goulding directed the whole with a heavy hand. Two of the performances are excellent: that of Dorothy McGuire who is given an opportunity to run the gamut in her first cinema rôle; and that of Robert Young who handles the difficult part of the patient husband with touching effectiveness. In supporting rôles, which are neither well written nor well directed, Ina Claire, Reginald Gardiner, Olga Baclanova and Jean Howard are only passably adequate. Perhaps the too pretty Connecticut house in which most of the action takes place and the foolish, pseudo-sophisticated lines of the first scenes are responsible for the artificial air of this whole film.

You won't exactly think you're witnessing a slice of life as you watch *"Old Acquaintance,"* but you will be tolerably amused. Based on the play by John Van Druten (movie version by him and Lenore Coffee), "Old Acquaintance" is about a couple of women who have little in common except their friendship since childhood. Through adversity, good fortune and even some nasty spats, they stick together. Both are writers, but Kitty is intelligent, generous and lonely, while Millie is an egocentric female Babbitt who turns out best sellers at the rate and mental depth of sausages. As we follow this strange friendship from 1924 to 1942, we see Millie getting what she's after and losing most of what counts through her meanness; we see Kitty longing for what Millie cannot appreciate or hold, and also losing, but through self-sacrifice. The finale shows the women forty-ish and consoling each other—because, after all, they are old acquaintances. Henry Blanke's production of this film exposes suburban Connecticut and New York City not as they are but as they appropriately fit the corny script's pseudo-smart peoples and lines. Vincent Sherman's direction is also in keeping with the false glitter of this mundane piece. As the intellectual, rather unhappy Kitty, Bette Davis gives a splendid portrayal, particularly in the later

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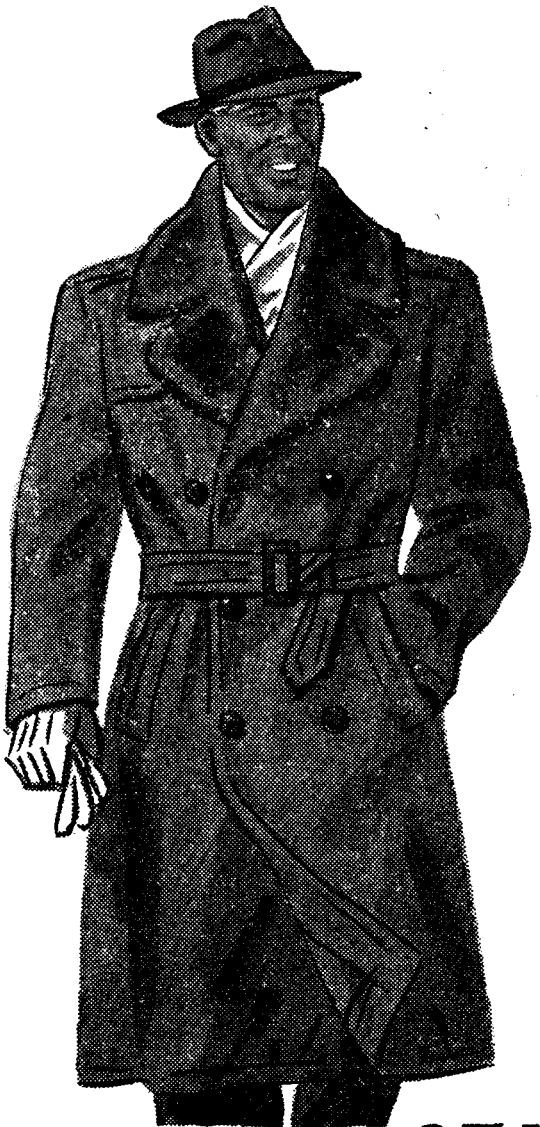

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"smart" sets and clothes. These are attributes, plus of course the suffering Davis, that should make it a hit with daughter. I suppose Miriam Hopkins does the best she can with the unpleasant rôle of Millie. I preferred Peggy Wood's interpretation on the stage because somehow in spite of the character's selfish weakness, Miss Wood made her appealing. Miss Hopkins makes Millie so hard and grasping that one cannot imagine continuing a friendship with her even if one had been her acquaintance for a hundred years. As Millie's husband, John Loder gives the best performance of his movie career. Dolores Moran is so completely miscast as Millie's daughter that she almost detracts from the film's smooth effect. As cinema, little can be said of "Old Acquaintance" other than it is a filmed play, even thought the original was changed considerably and much was added. It is very talky and it is dressed in "smart" sets and clothes. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE RUNNING TIDE. *Irina Aleksander. Duell.* $2.50.

THE DISPLACEMENT OF POPULATION IN EUROPE. *Eugene M. Kulischer. International Labor Office, Montreal.* $1.50. *(American agent: Miss Ethel M. Johnson, 734 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.)*

EUROPE'S CHILDREN. *Thérèse Bonney.* $3.00.

Indomitable Young Ally

MODERN novels from Sovietland are rather faint reflections of the works of the nineteenth century Russian masters. They lack the emotional depth and intensity of their predecessors. Such themes as Slavophilism vs. Westernization, whether life has a meaning, atheism vs. faith in Christ, diabolism vs. sanctity no longer concern Russian authors. Their work is on a minor scale. Only one notable characteristic of the Russians classics still persists: the superb art of telling a story. And so Irina Aleksander's "The Running Tide" is highly readable. It is a book that is hard to lay aside.

It deals with an attractive young woman, Galya Sedova, who enters upon a career at the Leningrad Institute of Water Engineering (LIIVT), popularly known as the Leningrad Naval Academy. She eventually works up to the position of third mate on a Soviet merchant ship at about the time Russia goes to war. The narrative is the thinly disguised autobiography of a young Russian woman of undoubted charm, efficiency, courage.

Evidence is accumulating over here that Soviet Russia, for all its grim restrictions and ruthless disregard for human life, has succeeded in enlisting the youthful idealism at least of its new élite. As one of the students at the Naval Academy says, "Why do we study? Why is there such greed for learning in us? I don't want to say *thirst* for learning, but precisely *greed!* We throw ourselves upon our books greedily; we listen greedily, we build—and even love—greedily!" Great vitality seems to combine with a passionate belief in Soviet Russia's (rather than a Marxist world's) future.

Perhaps the very lack of many of the things we Americans have long considered necessities has engendered the fervor of a national crusade, a generous spirit of self-sacrifice and indomitable determination to win out in the face of any odds. Here is another student's remark: "Olya, you and I found out about Balzac, Tolstoi and the Leyden jar before we learned we were supposed to wear brassières and step-ins. I wonder why." All this before the German attack and oppression roused love of country to its present intensity.

Interwoven in this Russian success story is the love of Galya for Peter Zuev set in the midst of striking vignettes of student life and living conditions before and during the war. There are also fragmentary touches on the sufferings and spirit of the present-day inhabitants of Soviet Russia—soldiers, sailors, nurses, partisan guerillas. A friendly spirit toward the United States is manifest. Apparently the self-torturing doubts of nineteenth century Russian intellectuals as to the truths of time and eternity—and man's duties here below—have for the moment been replaced in the Soviet younger generation by an intense collective zeal for Russia's immediate future. The extent and strength of opposition to the Stalin régime are unknown, but there are masses of young believers stirred to heroism by the present sacrifice required. There is not much evidence here that reawakened enthusiasm for the fatherland has aroused in Russia's young people any live interest in their country's age-old Christian traditions.

Lost Europeans

IF THERE is anything the American reader knows about the war in Europe it is that there were refugees everywhere when the war started and the German armies advanced. If there is only one picture in his mind for the time when the war began it is of the refugees on the roads of France, the refugees on the plains of Poland, the Greeks, the Jews, the Czechs. Countries fell, one after another, and if there is anything the American knows it is that when each country succumbed—when the bombing started and the armies advanced—men, women and children fled the terror of occupation, wandering along the roads into exile, homeless and starving. We have known ever since the war started that this war drove enormous numbers of people from their homes, and that this was not a war in which armies fought armies while the populations waited in their homes to learn the results. While Waterloo was being fought Chateaubriand, taking a walk outside Ghent, reading Caesar's Commentaries, observed that the peasants quietly were working in the fields; he heard the sound of the distant cannon at Quatre Bras. Well, Waterloo was to decide the fate of a dozen nations, but no one fled, no one would have to flee—save a dozen kings, one Emperor or another, the courtiers. The peasants tilled the soil—no matter who won, the only massacre would be on the field of battle. We have always known that this war was not like that war.

We have known nothing at all. The process technically called the "Displacement of Population in Europe," described in a book now issued by the International Labor Office in Montreal, has been a process of such stupendous magnitude and intricacy that no one of us possibly can have seen the picture as a whole. More than 30,000,000 men, women and children have been torn from their homes since the war started—"transplanted, deported or dispersed." The total does not include the exodus from the Ruhr when it was bombed, the exodus from Hamburg when Hamburg was destroyed, the people of Lubeck, of Naples, of a hundred cities. The book has outline maps of Europe with the frontiers indicated. On these maps there are heavy black arrows driving across Europe, across

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the frontiers. These arrows show the migration of peoples. It is well that this migration is shown in a cold schematic design, described in precise scientific prose. Our intellect, thus, can grasp what occurred; no heart could withstand a direct perception of the tragedy. The heart can accept symbols of disaster. There are certain of Chagall's paintings which are symbols of the disaster of Europe. But no heart of man could hold the reality of that disaster. This incommensurable separation of man from the house, the land, the language he knew is too fearful a thing for us to know in our hearts. But we must know it in our minds, accept the knowledge in our minds, filter what we can bear of the knowledge from our minds into our hearts.

There is no book on the war which we should read before reading this report from the International Labor Office. There is certainly no book about the peace we hope for after this war which can have any meaning for us unless we have read Professor Kulischer's statistics, explanations, quiet narration, until we have looked at his maps, followed those dark arrows of despair and separation which cross his maps in all directions.

There for You to See

IT IS incredible how we have come not to care about children. Perhaps it was the starving Armenians after the last war who hardened us. All the forces—and they are inhuman forces—of charitable propaganda so accustomed us to photographs of children's swollen bellies, of pipe-stem legs, of vacant stares and wrinkled little walnut bodies that now we seem impervious to such things; and we always suspect, when we see other pictures of the same phenomena, that some make-up editor has been digging through the morgue. It is really incredible, but it is true. So all the more power to that veteran photographer, Thérèse Bonney, for having brought together in beautiful sequence photographs of children who look like children and who are placed in surroundings we know, and yet who are obviously suffering children, courageous children, wounded children, with that same look in their eyes that you see in decent grown-ups' eyes—fear or courage or concentration or defiance or suspicion or wonderment. Some of Miss Bonney's photographs are as great as photograps ever can be. Only at the end, as a sort of frosting to the bitterness of seeing things we know set awry, do we get the swollen bellies and the pipe-stem legs. Here is a book to look at yourself, that you may remember little children and suffer them, and a book to give, as an *aide-memoire,* to Winston Churchill. You can get autographed copies by sending the price to "Children in Peril," 117 East 30 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

(And if you want the solemn facts and figures, all presented in thoroughly scientific and systematic form, you can get that too, without spending so much money. Send 25 cents to the International Labor Office, 3480 University Street, Montreal, Canada, asking them for their pamphlet, "The Health of Children in Occupied Europe.")

More Books of the Week

The Race Question and the Negro. John LaFarge, S.J. Longmans. $2.50.

FOR THE last fortnight I have been reading with growing irritation a series of agonized letters written by women to the lady journalists who function as spiritual directors. The most trivial annoyances—a grand-

This Publishing Business

BUS-RIDE WITH FATHER FEENEY

Practically everybody can write. Writers are rare. The solution of this poor little apology for a paradox is simple.

Words have meanings. When you write you use *their* meanings to convey *your* meaning. So much all of us can do: more or less well, but all of us somewhat.

That means that we can write. But it does not make us writers. Words also have energies. The writer is the man who can handle not only their meanings but their energies, too. By their meanings words say things to you. By their energies words do things to you. They can drive you, thrill you, still you, tear at you, stun you, pierce you, explode in you; they can desolate you or bathe you in a kind of beatitude. Not all writers can make words do all these things to you: the greater a writer the more he can make them do.

Since Father Feeney's *My Little Minister* first chanced to come my way in London a dozen years ago, I have read pretty well everything he has written; and I have felt steadily that he had the gift (you have to be born with it, of course) of making words do more than most. Now, reading straight through the omnibus volume of his prose and verse, I feel it overwhelmingly. He is a great humorist; he is an incomparable teacher (if you know how to learn —there *are* people who can learn only if the teacher says "This is a lesson"). But we should not know his greatness in either field but for the power he has, in the sentence and in the verse, to release the energies of words.

And he would not have this power (any more than his power as humorist or teacher) if he were not an intensely metaphysical man—that is to say, a man in habitual contact with reality, with WHAT IS. For you cannot release the energies that are in words, unless the energies that are in things release something in you.

Leonard Feeney is a master of expression because he does not think expression primary: reality is primary. He says:

"And by the way
Speaking of how to pray
Dogmas come first, not liturgies."

Speaking of how to write, being comes first, not words. Of beauty he says:

"It comes from simply seeing
The hard bright point of being."

To be in love with being—with the brightness of its point, with the hardness of its point—that is the key to everything. The hardness is the test.

To love the brightness of being might be to love dazzle, not being; but if you love its hardness, too, there you are in love with being. Father Feeney does that, as a hundred quotations could prove. Take one: "Chastity makes the other virtues sparkle, makes them gay. But there must *be* other virtues. Chastity shining on a vice makes it cruel and cold: a chaste liar, a chaste thief."

So you can go to him not only for laughter but for learning and for refreshment. But if you don't want learning and don't want refreshment, by all means go to him for laughter. There is no one writing who will give it to you in more abundance. Personally I like being made to laugh.

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mother with a cough, a leak in the plumbing—are made of supreme importance and fussed over; everything in the life of these disturbed souls becomes an "issue." And the lady journalist, compassionate and wise, endlessly weighs, and weighs again, and distinguishes, interminably answering and at the end of each column advising a visit to the psychiatrist. Never, never—at least during the two weeks in which I have been reading the advice columns—is there by any chance, a healthy, blunt and cheerful answer: "Don't make an ass of yourself, use your brains and use your heart, and that's that."

Father LaFarge's book is refreshing for, basically, it asks us simply to use our head, our heart and our sense of duty. It states a direct and simple purpose: "The aim, then of a study of race relations is *not to intensify* the question as a question but to hasten the day when it may be forgotten." Father LaFarge puts his trust in intelligence he trusts in liberating truth, the biological truths, the philosophical truths, the truths of revelation; for the evolution of human problems he trusts in our hearts, in our capacity for moral judgment, in the power of our wills sustained by grace. "The Catholic Church does not admit that any moral problem is beyond solution. . . . She knows no defeatism in moral questions."

Moralists, especially non-Catholic moralists, often fall into the error of believing that it suffices to convert souls to justice and to charity and the world will be changed, they forget the social fact, the social structures which imprison man's will for good, or those which the support will when it wavers. Father LaFarge keeps clear of this error: "The remedy, therefore, for anti-social institutions is to be found not in the merely collective activity of a large number of individuals, but in the organized reconstruction of society upon an ethical basis." Thus respect for human rights must not be left to the goodwill of the individual but to "social institutions and to a type of social structure."

The reader will find solid and precise documentation in the first five chapters, which survey the subject matter. Three chapters on human rights, specification of human rights, and guarantees for human rights are firmly thought out and constructed. A chapter on Christian teaching about human unity might well have been admirable if the author had not chosen to make of it a sort of brief anthology. In reading it I thought of Maritain's remarkable article on human equality in "Ransoming the Time," and of the excellent texts collected by Father Mersch in his book, "The Whole Christ."

Where, in my opinion, there is a certain weakness is in the chapter on marriage. Father LaFarge is entirely right in strongly emphasizing the fact that colored people, generally speaking, do not in the least desire those marriages which we may call "mixed"; and the fact also that this issue, in most cases, is nothing but a smokescreen deliberately laid down in order to refuse economic and social equality. (As if one had to marry every person with whom one has taken a cup of tea or to whom one has dictated one's letters. Great heavens, if that were true, in what harem would I today be engulfed!). But in this book, affirming with such extreme clarity Catholic principles, I should have wished a reminder of the fact that no biological or social consideration may limit the right to marriage. No human law has the right to tamper with the laws of marriage and any law, consequently, which forbids marriages between the races is as iniquitous in the eyes of the Church as a law sanctioning divorce.

Every Christian and every white Catholic should meditate most seriously upon certain passages in this book. Racism does not distort the life of colored people only, but the life of white people too: "A thorough study may reveal that the greatest sufferers in the long run from the neglect of an adequate philosophy of race relations are not the long suffering 'minority group' but the great majority who proceed blissfully ignorant of what ails them." The entire spiritual life of our white people is compromised; they cannot hope to attain either the heroism of faith, nor the heroism of hope nor the heroism of charity. And without heroism in the exercise of the theological and cardinal virtues, no sanctity is possible, there can be no saints. "A Catholic is unable to reconcile sainthood with race prejudice." One does not have to scream this prejudice from the rooftops; if this prejudice does no more than poison our souls in silence we still are living a life of prejudice—and that is the case when an employer refuses employment, when a Mother Superior refuses a postulant.

Saint Augustine in his sermon on Psalm xcix reproaches the eulogists of the Church with saying: "Christians and Christians alone are great; the Catholic Church is great; all love each other, each and all do all they can for one another." The convert who has never heard any mention of Christian miscreants enters the Church, he is disappointed—to put it mildly—and he starts shouting at the top of his lungs; "What sort of people are Christians? Covetous, usurers; are not the people who fill the churches on feast days the same who during the games and other spectacles fill the theatres and amphitheatres? So too is it with the clergy; the eulogists of the clergy point to the good ministers, the faithful stewards who bear with all things, devote their very life blood to those whom they wish to benefit and seek not what is their own; they forget the bad that are mingled with the good. Again, those who blame the clergy point to the avarice of the clergy, the dishonest practices of the clergy, litigations of the clergy. One blames enviously and the other praises discreetly." And Saint Augustine wants us to praise the Church and glorify her with scriptures, "as the lily among thorns." This tact, this measure recommended by the great bishop of Hippo are not easily possessed. But Father LaFarge reaches this fine balance; he shows how the Church's doctrine, strongly anchored in faith and intelligently articulated to social questions, provides us with the Ariadne's thread which will lead us safely out of the absurd labyrinth of racial prejudice. He shows how the Church not only in its doctrines—for the the Church is not a school for truth alone but a society—but through its immense and stable institutions unites men of all races and all cultures. But at the same time he also shows how often our individual attitudes compromise the work of Christ. I am certain that every reader after having read this book will understand more clearly this phrase of E. A. Carter's: "Whether or not any considerable number of the 6,000,000 Negroes without religious affiliation turn their eyes and their hearts toward the Holy See will depend upon the willingness of the American Church to espouse the doctrine of human brotherhood. . . . Not merely as a spiritual doctrine but in a realistic application." But this union and this living solidarity are not sought by Father LaFarge in any spirit of joy in the triumph of numbers—a joy which might easily be a most vulgar one—but because in a racist world our spiritual life is held in prison. "Such captivity of the

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inner spiritual union to the tyranny of outward circumstances is unnatural. . . . Its natural tendency is to express itself in outward form, to take permanent shape in social life, civic and political life in permanent institutions." The Catholic *conviventia* demands that racism disappear. JEAN C. DE MENASCE.

The Museum of Modern Art: The First Ten Years. A. Conger Goodyear. Museum of Modern Art. $3.00. A. E. Gallatin Collection, A. E. Gallatin and others. Philadelphia Museum, $1.50.

MUSEUM reports generally make dull reading. Attendance is computed, acquisitions listed, staffing is described, and possibly a question of policy or two discussed. But for the rest one might well be confronting corporation statistics at the end of the fiscal year. Mr. A. Conger Goodyear's history of the first ten years of New York's Museum of Modern Art represents an exception to this, because he presents his story with a zest which is really informative.

He charts the initial meetings, the appointment of a director, the breathless first show, the vicissitudes that followed, even the financial obstacles which the depression imposed—and he spices these with suitable comments from the press. If Henry McBride has praised a showing of the Big-Four (Cezanne, Van Gogh, Seurat, Gauguin), then his remarks are balanced by the objections of Royal Cortissoz, art pundit of the *Herald-Tribune,* along with other opinions either to the right or left of these two gentlemen. This makes the account sprightly, and at the same time suggests objectivity. Following this method throughout the years from 1929 to 1939, Mr. Goodyear brings one close to many of the issues predominating in that period. Perhaps he justifies a little too often—a rather natural tendency in a parent. Possibly, too, he insufficiently explains just *why* the practical arts should be given bilateral emphasis with the so-called fine ones. Yet he does provide an account which will be valuable in the years to come.

Mr. A. E. Gallatin, on the other hand, relates how he set up his unpretentious Museum of Living Art at New York University almost two years before the uptown institution came into being. He discourses on thematic subjects rather than setting forth an historical account. Then he adds critical comments by Jean Helion, French painter, and James Johnson Sweeney, American art writer. Nothing is said about the subsequent transfer of this collection to the Philadelphia Museum last spring, but many illustrations (both of artists and their work) make the volume a welcome one. Taken together, the two books give a compact account of the gains—at least in the institutional area—registered by the modern movement in the last fifteen years. JEROME MELLQUIST.

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